

1944
Graduation

ABHS



JUNE 1944

Class of 1944



Best Wishes

for the

Future Happiness and Success

of the

Graduates of A. H. S.



**LONDON CLOTHING
CORPORATION**

**984 Main Street
Brockton 37, Mass.
Tel. Brockton 1074**

**On Route 58
N. Abington, Mass.
Tel. Rockland 150**

THE ABHIS

Volume XXIII

JUNE, 1944

Number 3

Abington High School, Abington, Mass.



TABLE OF CONTENTS

STAFF	2
DEDICATION	3
CLASS OF 1944.....	4
SERVICE MEN—EX. CLASS OF '44.....	12
CLASS STATISTICS	13
EDITORIALS	14
ESSAYS	18
ACTIVITY PICTURES	26
SPORTS	32
POETRY	33

The ABHIS is published three times a year by the students of Abington High School, at sixty cents a copy. Advertising rates may be had upon request to the Business Manager. Subscriptions may be sent to the Business Manager.



FRONT ROW, Left to Right—Helen Buchawski, Staff Typist; Patricia Roberts; Ruth Poole, Business Manager; John Richard, Editor-in-Chief; Janet Perron, Literary Editor; Phyllis Carlson; Frances Daukiewicz, Staff Typist.
 SECOND ROW—Charlotte Murphy, Jane Owen, Patricia Keith, Mary Block, Kathleen Cull, Patricia Haskins.
 THIRD ROW—Raymond Richard, Sports Editor; Janet Bowmar, Betty Bauman, Patricia Hanson, Jane Tobin.
 FOURTH ROW—Richard Morey, Richard D'Amato, Frederick Crownfield, Miss Annie Chadbourne, Faculty Adviser, Richard Wheatley, John Donnelly, Dean Haskins.

ABHIS STAFF FOR 1943 - 1944

Editor-in-Chief
John Richard

Literary Editor
Janet Perron

Assistants

Patricia Keith	Janet Bowmar	Frederic Crownfield	Betty Bauman	John Donnelly
Patricia Roberts	Jane Owen	Richard Wheatley	Richard D'Amato	

Business Manager

Ruth Poole

Assistants

Phyllis Carlson	Kathleen Cull	Patricia Hanson
	Charlotte Murphy	

Art

Mary Block	Patricia Haskins	Joyce Arnold
------------	------------------	--------------

Sports Editor

Raymond Richard

Staff Typists

Helen Buchawski	Frances Daukiewicz
Rita Lundin	

Class Representatives

FRESHMEN	EIGHTH GRADE
Jane Tobin	Dean Haskins
	Jacqueline Stevens
	William Kiely

Faculty Adviser

Miss Annie A. Chadbourne

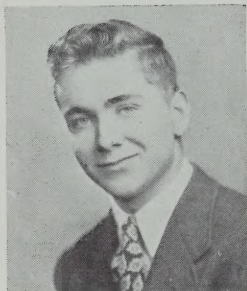


Winnifred Mae Bellows

The *Abhis* staff dedicates this issue of its magazine to Winnifred Mae Bellows, a former member of the class of '44, who, on October 22, 1940, left us for "that better land."

Winnifred was loved and respected by her classmates. Her pleasant smile, her cheery words, and her happy disposition will continue to live in their remembrance.

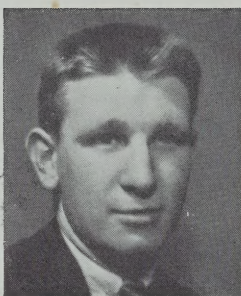
Class of 1944



RAYMOND JOSEPH RICHARD Ray

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I speak let no dog bark."

Class Pres. 4, Vice-Pres. 3; Student Council 1, 2, 4; ABHIS 3, 4; Football 2, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4.



FRANCIS STANLEY MACKIEWICZ Butch

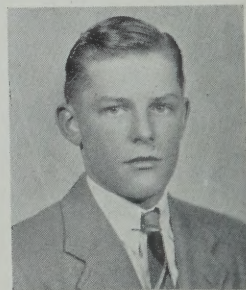
"You have eaten me out of house and home."

Vice-Pres. 4; Football 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Basketball 1, 2; Baseball 1; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4, Pres. 4.

ALMA JEAN LUCAS Al
"A ministering angel shall my sister be."
Class Sec. 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Dramatic Club 3, 4, Sec. 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Library Club 2, 3, Sec.-Treas. 3; Class Play 4.

KENNETH HUBBARD JOHNSON Kenny
"This man makes friends without half trying."

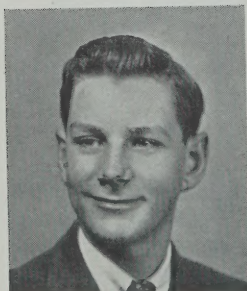
Class Treas. 4; Band 1, 2, 3; Science Club 1, 2; Hi-Y 4; Basketball 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2.



BRADLEY PECKHAM BARLOW Brad

"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."

Track 1, 2; Dramatic Club 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Baseball 1.



ELIZABETH BAUMAN Betty
"Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."

Glee Club 1, 2; Science Club 1, 2; Class Treas. 1; Dramatic Club 3, 4, Pres. 4; ABHIS 4; Girls' Governing Council 4.



PHYLLIS BICKNELL

Phyl

"Rich in good works."

Library Club 2, 3, 4, Pres. 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Class Play 4.



JANE GERTRUDE BOWDEN Janie

"Let what will be, be."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2, 3; Girls' Basketball 1; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3.



JANET LOUISE BOWMAR

Jan

"I have the jewel of a loyal heart."

Student Council 2, 3; Class Sec. 2; G. A. A. 2, 3, 4; ABHIS 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4.

HELEN JOSEPHINE BUCHAWSKI

Helen B.

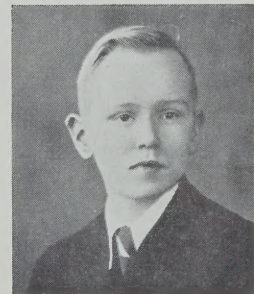
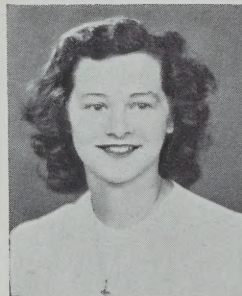
"I am part of all that I have met."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Treas. 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Science Club 1, 2; ABHIS 4; Girls' Basketball Team 1, 2, 3, 4, Varsity 4; Girls' Governing Council 3, Junior Counselor 3.

PHYLLIS LOUISE CARLSON Phil

"Mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve."

Cheerleader 4; ABHIS 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2; Library Club 1, 2, 3.



FREDRIC R. CROWNFIELD, JR.

Professor

"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."

Band 1, 2, 3; Science Club 1, 2; Hi-Y 3, 4; ABHIS 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4.

ROY ROBINSON DAMON, JR. Clem

"A man can die but once."

Baseball 4.

Boys' Glee Club 1, 4; Basketball 1;



FRANCES MARY DAUKSEWICZ

Frannie

"And the merry love to dance."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Green and White 1, 2; Dramatic Club 3, Treas. 3; Science Club 1, 2, 3; Girls' Varsity Basketball 4; ABHIS 4.



MARY FRANCES DOHERTY "Salty"
*"Where there is more of singing and less
 of sighing."*

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Varsity Captain 4;
 G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.



ELEANOR MARGARET DONOVAN
 Ellie

"Born with a gift of laughter."

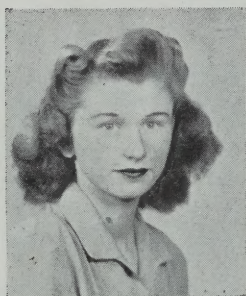
Science Club 1, 2, 3; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3,
 4; Dramatic Club 3; Class Play 4.

LAWRENCE E. FISHER Larry
"A man of action." U. S. Army

ARTHUR EDWARD GAREY, JR.

Art
*"So much one man can do that does both
 act and know."*

Class Pres. 2; Student Council 2, 3;
 Science Club 1, 2, 3, Sec.-Treas. 2, 3;
 Hi-Y 3, 4, Sec. 4; Class Play 4; Track
 1, 2, 3.



WINIFRED ELAINE GARFIELD

Winnie
"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall."
 Science Club 1; Glee Club 1, 4; G.
 A. A. 1, 2.



BARBARA ESTHER GRIFFIN

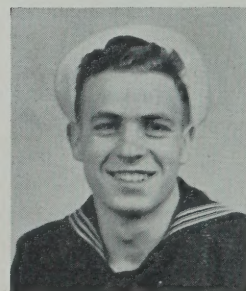
Tessie
*"The mildest manner and the gentlest
 heart."*

Science Club 1; Glee Club 2; G. A. A.
 1, 2, 3, 4.

PATRICIA HANSON Patsy
"I live in a crowd of jollity."

Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4, Pres. 4;
 ABHIS 4; Science Club 1, 2, Treas. 3,
 Vice-Pres. 3; G. A. A. 2, 3, 4, Execu-
 tive Council 4; Cheerleader 4; Girls'
 Governing Council 4, Senior Counselor
 4.

RICHARD EDWARD HARPER Dick
"As sure as a gun."
 U. S. Navy



JEAN WINNIFRED HENDRICK

Jeannie

"I know a trick worth two of that."

Glee Club 1, 2; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4;
Dramatic Club 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2;
Library Club 2, 3; Girls' Governing
Council 4.



JOHN HAROLD HOLGERSON

Johnny

"As upright as the cedar."

Class Play 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Hi-Y 4.
U. S. Navy



EDWIN WINSOR HOOD

Mike

"A fellow of plain and uncoined constancy."

Hi-Y 3, 4; Boys' Glee Club 4.



PATRICIA BUCKINGHAM KEITH

Pat

"I take the world to be but as a stage."

ABHIS 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Science Club 1, 2, 3; *Green and White* 1, 2.

BARBARA MARIE LINDAHL

Barb

"I speak in a monstrous little noise."

Library Club 2, 3; G. A. A. 2, 3.



RITA MAY LUNDIN

Ri

"Laugh yourself into stitches."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1;
Dramatic Club 4; Glee Club 1, 2.



ANTHONY JOSEPH MACKIEWICZ

Tony

"May you go safe, my friend, across that dizzy way."

U. S. Army.

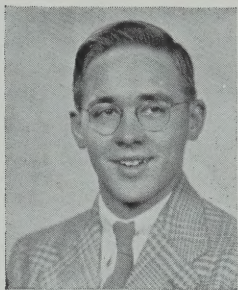


OTIS H. McCORKLE

Otie

"Exceedingly well read."

Bridgewater State Teachers College.

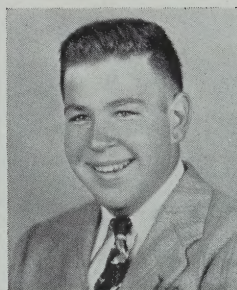


WILLIAM S. MATTSON Sally
"I am sure that care is an enemy to life."
 Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 4.

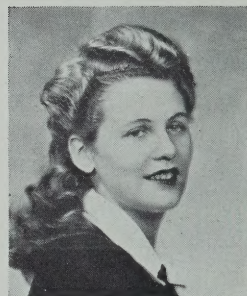


HELEN LOUISE MELVILLE Butchie
"I have had a dream."
 Student Council 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, Treas. 3; Science Club 1, 2; Dramatic Club 3, 4; *Green and White* 1, 2; Library Club 2, 3, Vice-Pres. 3.

FRANK LAWRENCE MERRILL, JR. Pancho
"His enemies shall lick the dust."
 Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Treas. 4.



JUNE BEATRICE MESERVE Beattie
"When I think I must speak."
 G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Science Club 1, 2; Girls' Governing Council 4; Glee Club 1; Class Play 4.



DAVID JOSEPH MILLS Dave
"A penny for your thoughts."
 U. S. Navy.



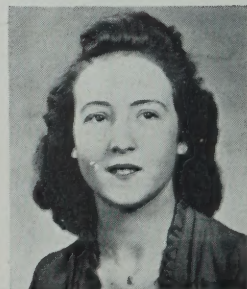
RUTH FLORENCE MORIARTY Jake
"As a wit, if not first, in the very first line."
 Glee Club 1, 2, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2; Class Treas. 3; Dramatic Club 4; Class Play 4.



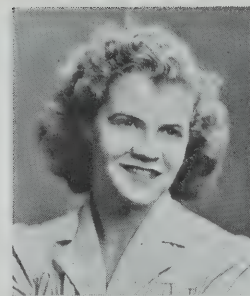
EDYTHE JEANNE MOYNIHAN Slim
"Golden opinions from all sorts of people."
 G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Library Club 2, 3; Class Play 4; Science Club 1, 2, 3.



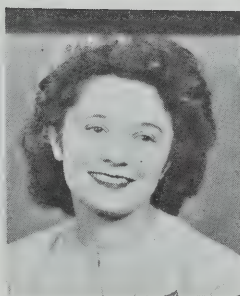
CONSTANCE ELAINE NICHOLS Connie
"I can trust your kindness."
 G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Varsity Basketball 4.



RALPH E. PARKER Ace
"In nothing am I changed but in my garments."
 U. S. Navy.



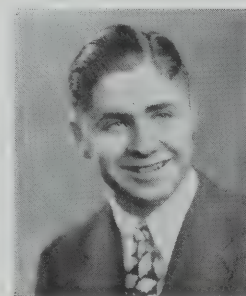
MARGUERITE JANET PEARSON Marge
"A sweet grave aspect."
 Glee Club 1, 2; Library Club 2.



JANET ALICE PERRON Jan
"Young in limb, in judgment old."
 Glee Club 1, 2, Accompanist 2; Class Play 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; ABHIS 3, 4; Literary Editor 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Library Club 2, 3.

DOROTHY MAE PHILLIPS Dottie
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."
 G. A. A. 4.

RUTH JEANETTE POOLE Pudgie
"As merry as the day is long."
 ABHIS 2, 3, 4, Bus. Mgr. 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Science Club 1; Cheerleader 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; *Green and White* 1.

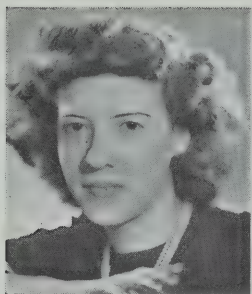


JOHN FRANCIS RICHARD Sharpie
"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth."
 Student Council 1, 3; Hi-Y 3, 4, Vice-Pres. 4; ABHIS 2, 3, 4, Bus. Mgr. 3; Editor-in-chief 4; Science Club 1, 2; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 2, 4.

DONNA FAY RIDEOUT Spuds
"Alack! There is more peril in thine eyes, than twenty of their swords."
 Maine Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Basketball 3, 4; Class Play Asst. Mgr. 4.



PATRICIA ANNE ROBERTS Pat
"There is a clear and industrious friend."
 Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Accompanist 3, 4; ABHIS 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4, Treas. 4; Science Club 1, 2; Class Play 4, Stage Mgr.



LOUISE FRANCES SAMPSON Lou
*"In thine face, the map of honor, truth
 and loyalty."*

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Library Club 2, 3;
 Science Club 1; Glee Club 1, 2; Gir's'
 Basketball 4.

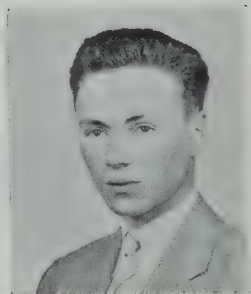


SHIRLEY ROBINSON Shirl
"Endowed with sanctity of reason."
 Glee Club 1, 2, 3; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3;
 Dramatic Club 4; Science Club 1; Li-
 brary Club 2, 3.

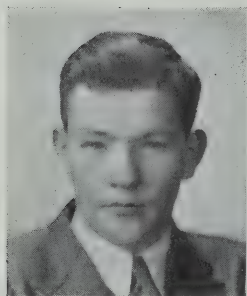
HELEN MADELYN RUSHWICK Fritz
"A good heart's worth gold."
 G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2;
 Library Club 2.



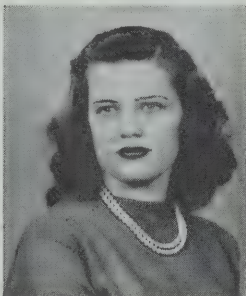
BERNARD AUGUST SANBORN Barney
*"A man who blushes is not quite a
 beast."*
 Science Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1.



ROBERT SANDERSON Bob
*"How he will talk—good gods! How
 he will talk!"*
 Hi-Y 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2; Football
 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4; Glee Club 2, 4;
 Band 1, 2, 3.



GLADYS ESTES SLATER Gladie
*"The music in my heart I bore
 Long after it was here no more."*
 Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 3, 4;
 Library Club 2, 3, 4.



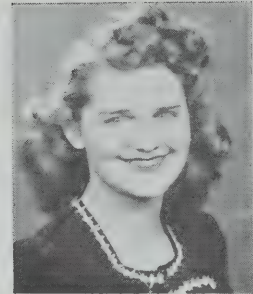
JEANNE EVELYN SCHOFIELD Sco
*"She that was ever fair and never proud,
 Had a tongue at will and yet was never
 loud."*
 Science Club 1, 2, 3; Library Club 2,
 3, 4; G. A. A. 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3.



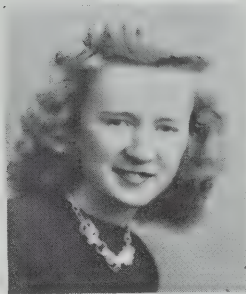
MEREDITH LOUISE SLINGER Merry
"Busy here and there."
 Glee Club 1, 2, 3; G. A. A. 2, 3.



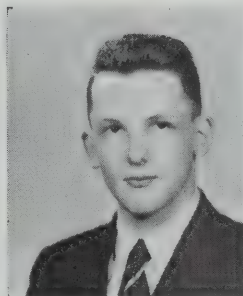
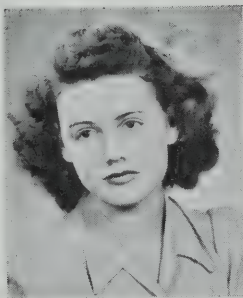
DORIS SNELL Dot
"And love is the sweetest thing on earth."
 G. A. A. 4; Basketball 4; Library 4.



MARJORIE SNOW Margie
*"A sweet content
 Passing all wisdom or its fairest flower."*
 Glee Club 1; G. A. A. 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1.



JEAN TAYLOR Jeanie
"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"
 Science Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Class Play Bus. Mgr. 4; Girls' Basketball 3, 4.

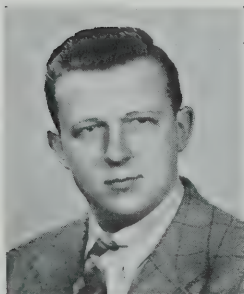
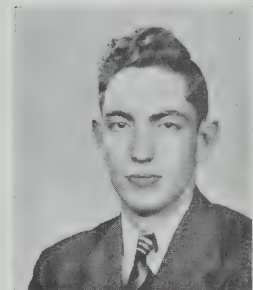


WILLIAM OREN TOWER Buck
"If he has any faults he has us in doubt."
 4-H Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice-President 4.

ELLEN RICHARDSON WALES Walsie
"The mirror of all courtesy."
 Science Club 1, 2; Dramatic Club 3, 4, Sec. 4; Student Council 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Sec. 3, Pres. 4; Girls' Governing Council 3.



FRED THOMAS WILSON Ted
"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look."
 Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Hi-Y 4; Science Club 2; Baseball 4.



JOHN ALEXANDER SHANNON President
"For courage mounteth with occasion."
 Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

BARBARA ATKINS CURTIS Barby
"Her modest looks, the cottage might adorn."
 Glee Club 1, 2; G. A. A. 1, 2; Science Club 1.

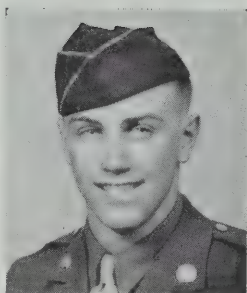
CHESTER WILLIAM ZAKRZEWSKI Chet
"It is better to wear out than rust out."
 Football 1, 2, 4; Glee Club 1, 4; Hi-Y 4.

JOHN GUILFORD WOOD Gilly
"He serves me most who serves his country best."
 U. S. Navy.

Service Men — Ex. Class of '44



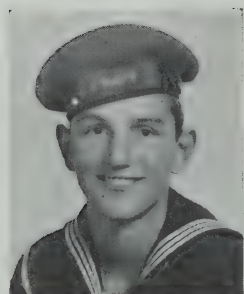
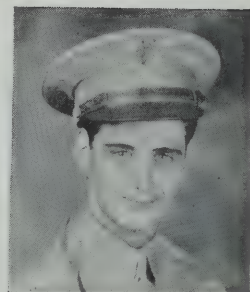
PRIVATE WILLIAM HICKEY
Ex. July 15, 1943
Army
Overseas



PRIVATE KENNETH WOLFE
Ex. July 15, 1943
Army
Overseas

JAMES CHAPPELL, S 2/c
Ex. August 12, 1943
Fleet Post Office
Navy

P. F. C. ALFRED DiCICCO
Ex. April 7, 1943
Overseas — Italy
Army



ROBERT WARREN
Naval Hospital, Chelsea



STANLEY SENEAL, A.B.
Merchant Marine
Ex. May 3, 1943
Overseas

CLASS STATISTICS

Best All-around.....	Ellen Wales, Raymond Richard
Best Physique.....	June Meserve, Kenneth Johnson
Best Athlete.....	Mary Doherty, Frank Mackiewicz
Best Natured.....	Rita Lundin, Raymond Richard
Best Dancer.....	Frances Dauksewicz, Chester Zakrzewski
Most Respected.....	Patricia Roberts, Arthur Garey
Most Popular.....	Ellen Wales, Raymond Richard
Best Looking.....	Betty Bauman, Kenneth Johnson
Most Sincere.....	Janet Perron, Arthur Garey
Most Typical School Girl/Boy.....	Ruth Moriarty, Robert Sanderson
Most Retiring.....	Barbara Lindahl, Bernard Sanborn
Most Popular with Teachers.....	Janet Perron, Raymond Richard
Most Helpful to Class and School.....	Ellen Wales, Raymond Richard
Most Loyal to Class and School.....	Janet Perron, Raymond Richard
Most Considerate of Others.....	Ellen Wales, Frank Mackiewicz
Most Dignified.....	Jeanne Moynihan, Arthur Garey
Best Actress/Actor.....	Ruth Moriarty, Arthur Garey
Most Obliging.....	Ellen Wales, Raymond Richard
Most Friendly.....	Janet Bowmar, John Richard
Greatest Socialite.....	June Meserve, Robert Sanderson
Most Refined.....	Patricia Roberts, Arthur Garey
Most Industrious.....	Janet Perron, Fredrick Crownfield
Most Temperamental.....	June Meserve, Chester Zakrzewski
Wittiest.....	Patricia Hanson, John Richard
Most Practical.....	Janet Perron, Arthur Garey
Best Conversationalist.....	Ruth Poole, Raymond Richard
Best Mannered.....	Ellen Wales, Arthur Garey
Most Conscientious.....	Janet Perron, Fredrick Crownfield
Neatest.....	Alma Lucas, Kenneth Johnson
Most Cheerful.....	Ruth Poole, John Richards
Best Artist.....	Patricia Keith, William Mattson
Most Likely to Succeed.....	Patricia Roberts, Arthur Garey

CLASS SONG

(To the tune of A SINNER KISSED AN ANGEL)

Now High School days are ended;
Those ideals by the teachers rendered
Will guide us through the future years
And help to hold our memories dear.

We shall be able to remember
The fun that we've had together,
The boys and girls who with us see
A coming peace to make men free.

Now time has come for parting
And our chance for life is starting
We do not wish to say "good bye"
But just so-long, "Abington High."

EDITORIALS

THE SPIRITUAL MESSAGE OF THE FLAG

WHAT is the message of the flag? It speaks not of ignoble or tyrannical power. To us it is the emblem of America's best in the past, in the present and in the life to come for all succeeding coming generations. It tells of the freedoms granted to its peoples. It tells of home and opportunity, freedom to speak and to worship. It is the symbol of national growth, power, and influence, of union, and of liberty.

The flag makes us raise our eyes as the flag that will challenge liberty and justice for the world to come. Yes, the flag has a message, a message that should inspire Americans to cherish the ideals for which the flag stands.

Old Glory symbolizes national independence and popular sovereignty. It is the flag of millions of Americans made into one. Its history is the history of the American people. It flew at Yorktown, Gettysburg, Manila Bay, Chateau-Thierry, at Coral Sea, and Cassino. It prophesies the triumph of popular government and liberty throughout the world. Yes, the flag is a beacon of hope to further enlighten the whole world.

Citizens have advanced our flag, and many have died for it. It is the flag of all of us.

No more beautiful and inspiring words have been written about the flag than those by Alvin M. Owsley: "When you see the Stars and Stripes displayed, son, stand up and take off your hat. Your flag stands for humanity, for equal opportunity to all the sons of men. Of course we have not arrived at that goal; there are many injustices yet among us, many senseless and cruel customs of the past still clinging to us, but the only hope of righting the wrongs of men lies in the feeling produced in our bosoms by the sight of that flag.

"Other flags signify a glorious past; this flag signifies a glorious future. It is not so much the flag of our fathers as it is the flag of our children.

"Do not be ashamed when your throat chokes and the tears come, as you see it flying from the masts of a ship on any of the seven seas or floating from a flag staff in our great Republic. You may never have a worthier emotion. Reverence it as you would reverence the signature of the Deity.

"Listen, son! The band is playing the national anthem—"The Star Spangled Banner!"

When we see the red for valor, the white for purity, and the blue epitomizing reverence to God, let us believe in the spiritual meaning of the flag. Let us accord it both honor and loyalty!

Respect the Flag by Alvin M. Owsley.

John Richard, '44

RELIGION AND WAR

BEFORE the war people were inclined to be prejudiced against one another because of religion or nationality. Probably a reason for this was the fact that a person had interest in his own religion and creed to such an extent that he believed no other creed could be as good as his. There are few who in becoming proud of something that they strive to make better do not think theirs is a little better than the other fellow's. There are those who finally awaken to the fact that we are equal, but there are others whose eyes always remain closed. In man there seems to be a selfishness that, at times, appears on the surface only to cause a great deal of trouble. A man is quite likely to think his faith and religion is a little better than his neighbor's. Should we not love our neighbor and the good work of our neighbor?

Since the beginning of the war, when so many boys and girls have entered the service so that they might bring an end to the war, the prejudice against varying religions and creeds has lessened. These boys and girls realize that no matter what faith or creed they have, they are all fighting for the same purpose; namely, the right of each to choose his own religion. Each wishes to attend the church of his choice whenever he wants to do so.

A bullet speeding through the air does not choose a certain faith to attack, but it does choose the enemy. In battle everyone is equal: he has to share with his associate the pain and horror of war. In peacetime, when things are running along smoothly, why cannot people be looked upon as equals? It is the instinct of superiority that causes wars.

When a wounded boy is stretched on the battle field, in need of a transfusion, no one takes time to verify the fact that the blood to be used came from a man or a woman of his particular faith or creed. The blood was donated to save a life

and as long as it fulfills its life-giving purpose no one can ask more.

Boys who have been in actual combat become very angry when anyone speaks against another fellow's activities. They have fought with boys from all parts of the world and know that if the time actually came, such sacrifice when actually necessary, each one of those boys would sacrifice his life for him or for one of his buddies.

It is true that a boy in battle becomes near to God, but at such a time he is not so selfish in his own religion that he cannot appreciate the faith of his buddy. Let us be as wise as our soldiers and like a person for himself, not for his belief alone.

Velma Richardson, '45

THE IDEAL PEACE

WE won the last world War on the battlefield, but lost it at the peace table. Shall this be repeated again? No, it must not. We must win the war and win the peace to come. Merely the defeat of Germany and Japan is not enough. We must offer to all peoples, whether they be allied, enemy, or neutral, a positive ideal. The basis of this ideal is the determination that there must never be another World War.

First consideration of this plan must be given to those poor enslaved countries of Europe who deserve the best of everything. They have suffered enough during war time; they must not continue to suffer during peace time.

Germany and Japan must be treated sternly but fairly. In each of these countries no other troops should be allowed—excepting those of an International Police Force. Strict martial law must be enforced so that those who were once our enemies will have to be our friends, or die trying to be our enemies. I have only a little sympathy for people who have broken every social and moral code in the sight of both God and man! They deserve to be pitied, but not to be "let loose" to indulge in further daring adventures.

Demobilization of all armed men, and the handing over of all planes, tanks, guns, and other martial equipment of the Fascists is another necessity for the preservation of peace.

The United States is now at the peak of its influence and power. Yet, when our present enemies have been defeated, greater dangers may arise. Our strength will steadily be on the decrease as the world goes on unless we learn how to compete wisely with foreign commerce and maintain friendly foreign relationships.

This war is our last chance to save ourselves by helping to find a world order that makes sense. For the first time in history our nation can do what no other nation has ever done before—declare an everlasting peace for the whole world.

Helen Buchawski, '44

THE LITTLE THINGS

THE main reason for the United States' participation in this second World War is to preserve the democracy for which our forefathers struggled so long and so hard to establish. But there is more to that reason than meets the eye.

Ours is a great nation made up of a great people. We are not always free from trouble; the governmental bodies and our individual families do not always run smoothly; nevertheless, we have the courage and the ability to overcome these difficulties.

Our nation, as a whole, will always pull together, of that we can be sure; but there are other things that count too—the little things.

We go to school every day, we meet our friends, go to our classes and other activities, automatically, without ever thinking that there may be some persons who cannot do this. We go to the church of our choice, to movies for entertainment, not because someone tells us to do so but because we want to go there.

It is the little things like boys and girls meeting at their favorite ice cream store after school, home-baked beans on Saturday night, roast chicken on Sunday, birthday parties, Christmas and Thanksgiving that make life enjoyable. These and many more are the things that we take for granted simply because we have always had them, but just let something happen to interrupt this routine and then see how we shall miss them and begin to appreciate them!

When something disturbing happens we begin to think of our brother and our friends in the armed services and how much they must miss the common everyday things of life which we take so much for granted. Then, we realize that they are waiting and hoping and praying for the day when they can come home and begin again where they left off.

Only then do we realize that only by making sacrifices and doing something to shorten the war and bring the day of victory closer can we expect or even hope to bring back, not just to ourselves but to our fellowmen, the little things which count so much.

Jean Taylor, '44

SHOULD EUROPE HAVE FREEDOM?

Our enemies in Europe can never really expect to have complete freedom again for a long period of time. The Allied Nations could hardly be expected to give the conquered countries a free hand. This is the second time in recent history that they have tried to take the upper hand and it is the business of the Allied Nations to see that it is the last time.

The boys and women of America and the other Allied countries are sacrificing their lives and they certainly are not doing this so that all the countries of Europe can be free to do as they please as soon as the fighting stops.

I believe that this country should maintain International Police forces in all European countries. This would involve a great expense and much detailed work, but in the end it would repay the expenditure a hundred times over, for it would insure the future generations the right to live in happiness and, what is more important, in peace.

If all the people in Europe had been under strict supervision during the years succeeding World War I, there would have been no World War II. It would not have been necessary for anyone to make any strict rules previous to this, but merely to guide them in a Christian way of living. Now it would be difficult to do this without very strict rules and regulations and martial law.

Naturally, the conquered people will want their freedom after this war and they will say that they have learned their lesson.

You may say, and justly so, that Germany did not believe in the Nazi rule, but it is our duty to civilization to see that they do not believe in it in the future.

Phyllis Carlson, '44

EUROPE AFTER THE WAR

THE question concerning the European countries after the war is one which no one can at present answer. On the tongues of many Americans is this question, Should America have anything to do with Germany and Italy after the war?

Although some people say that because America will be one of the nations that will have helped defeat the countries who wanted to rule the world she ought to have something to do with the problem.

To undertake such a thing would take both time and money for the education of the younger generation in the ways of democracy.

If the aggressive nations are allowed to go as they were in the last war a similar thing will happen and will be a much worse war than the present one. The question of financing such a project would cost the government a great deal of money which in the end the people would be required to pay in taxes.

When the majority of the people are asked if they think Germany should be educated to a better government they will probably say, "Let the other fellow do it," if only for the reason that they think they will have to pay more taxes. But after those people think a while they will perhaps realize that if the European nations are not given a good democratic government America's sons and daughters will be engaged in the next world war.

George Letteney, '44

WHAT ABOUT EUROPE?

AFTER the war the global situation will present a most trying problem for the greatest minds in the world. For centuries the European nations have been powder kegs in the affairs of the world. After each war in Europe a method by which to control European affairs to the satisfaction of all the countries has been tried, but each in turn has failed. War is becoming too horrible, too mechanized for this generation to take the risk of another such struggle as is now in progress.

After each war various nations have been torn down, new nations built up, and new boundaries established. The subsequent history of Europe has centered around the question of what to do with these fragments. Experience has shown that they cannot survive by themselves. As a solution, why should there not be a group of democratic cooperative associations in which all nationalities may enjoy equal rights and full cultural and political freedom under a common government in which they all share? A means must be found to serve the common purposes of people thrown together by past conquests, long-established habit, or mere geographical boundaries.

In this European order the United States should not interfere. If after we had fought the Revolutionary War France had decided to come over and rule us, just what would have happened to us as a nation? The Europeans must learn through the guidance of their own people, what the right way is and then aim in that direction. Each European country boasts of keen and intelligent men who could direct their people. Europeans have never really had a taste of freedom in the way in which we have tasted it. They fail

to understand our sense of freedom and our happy-go-lucky attitude. A commonwealth of European nations would offer these people a chance to live without fear of having one of their neighbors invade their country. Surely with a common goal for all they will unite in their effort to obtain it.

Europe and each country in Europe has a heterogenous population, but what country hasn't? All ideas of Pan-Slavism, Pan-Germanism, and the like are definitely out as far as a successful Europe is concerned. They should be able to say, "I am an American." If the problem in Europe could be solved in this way; that is, with a commonwealth of cooperative associations the outlook for a free world would not be just an idle dream but a wonderful reality. It was a German writer who penned the following words, "If I could once see the whole world on free soil stand—with the people free—then to that moment might I say, Linger awhile, so fair thou art." If this vision could only be realized the millions who must perish in the present conflict would not have died in vain.

Patricia Hanson, '44

AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION

THE older ladies grow, the more they like to gossip. Very seldom does one hear any elderly woman talk very intelligently, because usually she would rather discuss her neighbors than important world topics. Two women are likely to talk for hours about Johnny, the boy next door, who stays out till one o'clock in the morning; tell how Aunt Matilda washes her clothes; or wonder where Oscar gathers all the dirt and wish for his mother to keep him clean.

One day when I was riding on a bus, two little old ladies, with white hair and spectacles, were sitting behind me discussing the buying of war bonds. It is not polite to eavesdrop, but this time I could not help hearing what they said. They remarked that some of the men and women who, during the years before the war, were making little money now have money to throw around and that these people are the very ones who are going to complain after the war; that it is they who should be buying bonds so that they will not have the same financial difficulties as before.

Perhaps these ladies had someone in particu-

lar in mind. To me it meant pretty good sense and it goes to show that elderly women can talk of more important things than Oscar's dirty face.

Virginia Chiulli, '45

SHOULD THE UNITED STATES RULE EUROPE?

THE United States should not rule Europe or even attempt it. If we tried to accomplish this, we should probably neglect internal affairs and we should be faced with a civil war just as dangerous as any conflict with European forces.

Also, it would be very probable that the Allies would differ greatly regarding the right of the United States to rule Europe. As a result of this, a war with some of our present allies as enemies might arise. And then all our former efforts would prove futile.

However, if the various alien European countries could be mandated to certain countries who realized how their particular mandate should be treated and what would be best for them in the future, this might be a very practical solution.

This was done with the German colonies after World War I. It was not successful because the League of Nations did not carry out her part of the bargain. Each mandatory was required to make reports to the League of Nations about the conduct of their mandate. However, when the League of Nations did not compel the mandatories, specifically Japan, to give their reports, the plan failed.

In the future if this plan is to be put into practice, the mandatories must be responsible to each other or else the mandatory and the mandate may form a coalition and try to gain more power as others have done in the past.

For this reason the Allies must be particularly careful when they appoint each other as mandatories. No matter how it is done, the United States or any other country should not attempt to control Europe. It is impossible for this to be accomplished successfully, successfully both in regard to the control of the European countries and to the effect on those in control.

For these reasons in order to win the peace, the United States, together with the other Allies must find some solution other than complete control.

Jane Owen, '46

This, Our Enemy

Betty Bauman, '44



I SPENT two days in a dugout: two days buried alive with two dead Americans and a wounded Jap. The story I have to tell isn't a pretty one, but in those days I found something I shall cherish. I found out what I, an American, am fighting for.

We had been fighting for days on the beaches and in the jungles of Tarawa. Every one of us knew that the Japs were licked, and they must have realized it too, but still they kept on fighting.

It was Saturday, I remember, because one of the fellows made a crack about how he always had the day off when he was at home. It was a little after two in the afternoon. Ken and I were sitting in the dugout smoking and talking about the states. A fellow from Georgia who was feeling lonesome came over to talk to us.

Suddenly everything went crazy. The warnings sounded, Jap planes droned overhead, the Jap infantry moved their position and began firing, and then the bombs began to fall. I scrambled to my feet and was starting to run when suddenly I heard the whistle of a bomb. I remember my subconscious mind noting, "This is going to be close."

What must have been hours later, I awoke. My thoughts immediately turned to home, Illi-

nois, Jane, the baby, everything I loved. Then I was snatched up violently by reality. Where was I? My brain functioned slowly and it took me minutes to figure out what had happened. I sat up abruptly. Suddenly I felt sick. My head hurt, my arm ached, but somehow these things seemed trivial and unimportant. Something was very wrong. It was dark! Could it be night? My mind raced wildly. Was I blind? Then I heard a moan. Everything came at once, the Japs moving up, the bombs, the dugout, and suddenly I sensed what had happened. I was buried! Buried alive! The idea was so utterly horrifying that in thinking of it my entire body was seized by cold terror. Blood rushed wildly to my head, my throat became dry as I sought to fight off this horrible suffocating feeling. I must have fainted from this first shock of reality, because suddenly I found myself sobbing. My body was weak and shaken, and I was lying prostrate on the ground.

Then I thought of Ken and of the boy from Georgia. My hope was renewed, because somehow the horror of facing death diminished if you have companionship. My foot touched something! It was then that I found the presence of mind to light a match. Maybe God should have been kind and left me in the dark. The sight that met my eyes was horrible. It was the barbarism of war at its worst. The two boys who had been my friends were now hopelessly distorted shapes which were scarcely recognizable as men. The bomb fragments which had taken both their lives, somehow missed me. Suddenly, and without warning my match burned out and I sat in the darkness, tasting for the first time the bitter seed of resentment. Why in hell were we fighting? What were men like these being killed for? Who got us into this mess? I didn't hate! I didn't want to kill! Why! Why! Then I realized that in my agitation I had shouted these questions out loud. They resounded hollowly against the darkness—but I received no answer.

Slowly, little by little, I forced myself into some semblance of composure. I realized that the only sensible thing for me to do was to steady my nerves, look over my prison, and try to devise some means of freeing myself. I lit another match to see if my watch had been broken. Out of the corner of my eye, as the flame died down, I caught a movement. I quickly lit another match. It was a person. But who? Nobody else had been in the dugout with us.

The injured person groaned and rolled over. Then I saw who it was. It was a Jap. I sat in the darkness again and indecision crept through my mind as I sought to figure out how badly injured he was. I toyed with the idea of killing him, but decided that he couldn't harm me so I would gain nothing by such an act and sardonically reminded myself that getting shot or stabbed was better than suffocating, anyway.

I looked down at my watch again. It was morning. I began to figure out how long it would be before the clean-up squads could get through. I wondered if the oxygen would hold out. I wondered about so many things . . . Hours dragged by accompanied by the tick-tick-tick of my watch. At first I ignored this watch, the watch whose ticking seemed to bring death ever closer. It became louder and louder and louder. It seemed to demand my attention. The ticking increased. It echoed against the blackness hollowly against the darkness all around me. It measured my life—tick-tick-tick. Suddenly I could stand it no longer. I seized the watch in my hand and uttering an oath hurled it against the ground. As the pieces fell tinkling to the ground, I felt relieved.

Because of the wound in my arm I realized I could do nothing about digging myself out. It seemed that my tired mind accepted my fate and I calmly awaited my salvation—or my death. The change in my mind was unaccountable. I could not explain it to myself, but my resignation was like a balm to my frenzied mind, and in accepting it I became relaxed and eventually dozed off.

I was snatched suddenly away from dreams of my last day at home, of Jane holding little Tom and looking at me with that proud brave smile. Screams echoed through the stillness and I realized that the Jap was dying. I don't know now why I decided to go to him. Perhaps it is because all God-fearing men realize the drama of death and try to make things easier for those who are departing. Regardless, I groped my way over to him and performed such futile tasks as I thought would make him more comfortable. I removed his helmet, pillowed his head on my jacket, and waited. I even lowered my head and in my mind recited a few childish prayers.

I heard a movement and looked up. There was the dying Jap, the enemy, sitting up with his arm raised. In it he held poised a knife. In a split second the knife left his hand, crashed against the opposite wall and fell with a dull thud to the ground. The Jap was dead.

In that moment I knew the answers—the answers to all the questions that had risen in my mind and faded unanswered. Through that one

act I became aware of what I was fighting for. I was fighting to rid the world of a race of barbaric animals. For surely all are animals who can bring themselves to do what this dying soldier had done. I knew then that I did hate. I hated everything for which he and all like him stood; I hated their morals, their ideals and the force which prompts them to act as they do. I would kill now with clean-conscience because I vowed that Jane and little Tommy must never know cruelty as I had seen it.

I realized then that I wanted more than anything to live. I wanted to shout my discovery to the world. I wanted to get back to Illinois. Forgetting my wounds, I scrambled wildly to my feet and started to dig with my hands. Then I heard a metallic, clinching sound, a shovel. A little later—voices. I shouted and suddenly I was laughing, laughing with relief and gratitude. I knew I would live and I knew that I should fight again!

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

It was a bright, warm day in Central Park. With uncertain steps a young man was slowly making his way toward a bench. On that same bench sat a young girl with a troubled expression on her face.

She opened her small mouth and a smile beamed forth. "Oh, Bob," she said, "you're doing fine, but won't you sit down? You've done enough for today."

The young man came to the bench and sat down. He looked at the girl and said, "Yes, I guess that is enough. I'm quite tired, I do need more practice, but they'll only let me out when accompanied by another person, in case I need help."

As they sat there they noticed a crowd gathered around a man who stood on a makeshift platform shouting at the top of his lungs. At first Bob and Ruth paid no attention, but suddenly Bob turned and began to listen to the man.

He was saying, "We're fools to stand around and let them draft the fathers. Why, some of us have been married five years and have children to support and now they want us to leave and go into the army. Why should we go when there are younger men than we?" The man was now bellowing.

He paused for a moment, looked around, his eyes came to a stop and he stared at Bob. "You see! There's a young man, he's strong and healthy, yet there he is, sitting on a park bench making love to his girl, when he should be in the army."

(Continued on Page 23)

How Can We Educate the Germans to Want Peace?

Fred Wilson, '44

The London Clothing Company of North Abington offered \$100 to members of the senior class for essays on the subject, *How Can We Educate the Germans to Want Peace?* First prize of \$50 was awarded to Fred Wilson; second prize of \$25 to Shirley Robinson; third prize of \$15 to Fredric Crownfield; and fourth prize of \$10 to Alma Lucas.



AFTER the unconditional surrender of Nazi Germany, the Allied nations will be faced with the titanic task of re-educating the German people. Much of this plan will have to be formed when the time of peace comes, but the basic steps must be formed immediately. My basic plan is as follows:

A delegation of experienced men should be formed by the Allied victors to work in union with a similar delegation, Allied-picked, of educated Germans. These Germans must be men of unquestionable character, and loyalty to a peace-loving Germany. Many of these will be former students of Democratic colleges; some will be refugees who fled from the oppressor; but all must be peace-lovers, enemies of the so-called Third Reich.

Perhaps the most important phase of this system will be the education of the children of now Nazi Germany whose minds have been dangerously warped by their fanatical oppressor. One of the first steps of the joint delegation of experts will be the forming of a youth-employment plan. This plan will be somewhat similar to our own C. C. C., only all semblance of militarism will be abolished. This group will consist of youth homeless or unemployed, and its main purpose will be to bring German boys back to the soil. Sports will be highly encouraged in this organization, and outdoor projects, such as forestry and farming, will be the chief subjects taught. Above all, the sense of fairness and freedom should be thoroughly impressed in their young minds.

In the cities community groups will be formed by youth, to enable them to have a working example of Democratic government. This group, though supervised by adults, should be governed entirely by a representative system, whereby all members may have an equal voice in any law making. This system may be compared with the system of a New England town meeting. This type of club will in this way educate itself to the meaning of Democracy.

The re-education of the adults will be a more simplified task because most of them can see, or will be able to see by the time a peace is formed, the folly and weakness of their dictator's plans. Those few still believing in a German world, however, must be shown the ways of Democracy by motion pictures and literature. Propaganda must be kept at a minimum, however, as these people have had so much of it that they will not put any faith in anything the victors can say.

* * *

BRINGING UP TAFFY

I DON'T think any dog ever had such an irresistible charm as Taffy, our spaniel. He has the most beautiful large, dark brown eyes, and long, curly, silky ears, and the cutest tail. When he wiggles it, he also wiggles the whole of his body. He has a grand disposition and everyone loves him.

But, although Taffy is only a puppy he is an avid reader. He doesn't stop at just reading the books. He has completely to digest all the books within the reach of his literary jaws. Of all the books in the house he has a special liking for library books.

A cake cooling in the center of a table makes Taffy very happy. His sweet tooth urges him on, and in a very few minutes he may be lying most contentedly on the table licking his chops. He is, however, very considerate, for he always leaves us a small piece.

His greatest joy is to arise at 5:00 or 6:00 A.M.; in fact, he's our alarm clock. Of course we appreciate this immensely, when alarm clocks are at a premium.

Early in the morning he loves to dash up to me, as I lie sleeping peacefully, and give a great spring and land on my stomach. Then he proceeds to bite my hair and ears before leaving. His many pranks only tend to endear him to us.

All in all, we have learned how to bring up a puppy the hard way.

Pearl Lucas, '47

The Decline of Courtesy Toward Women

Ruth Moriarty



COURTESY toward women is on the decline. Women sigh because they were not alive in the days of Sir Galahad and Lancelot, of Sir Walter Raleigh, and other such chivalrous males. Gone, but not forgotten, are the little attentions men used to pay toward women.

Today it is every woman for herself and may the best woman win. Because women have encroached upon men's fields of business, have copied men's clothes, and even in a few cases, dressed their hair in masculine style, a man may find it difficult to remember to raise his hat to a girl wearing a replica of his garb.

A woman returning from a factory does not take time to "clean up" but instead goes home in her working clothes. A man sees a figure clothed in dungarees, and wearing a cap under which there is little or no hair showing, and the whole vision wanting a touch of soap and water. She speaks and he is not sure whether to thrust out his hand for a hearty handclasp and a good slap on the back or to doff his hat, smile politely, and comment on the weather.

Now, we realize the trouble a man may have in a few circumstances, in being courteous but this does not excuse him for not displaying courtesy to women easily recognizable as such. There are many instances in everyday happenings when a man has a chance to show his respect for womanhood.

If there are fifty people waiting for a bus already half full, the best motto to follow is—"Avoid confusion—let the men on first." This slogan will prove invaluable to any woman who wishes to get on the bus in one piece. Once on the bus, the females graciously give up the seats to the males, unless the women happen to get there first. The latter situation is very rare, however, and the bus rolls on with the woman swinging from straps. When the bus stops, the men evidently have so many urgent appointments that they must rush off first. This is all very well, but perhaps the female species would like to know how it seems to *sit* in a bus.

Although similar conditions prevail in subways, women have long been used to strap-hanging there and sitting in a seat is a rarity. If a woman feels she simply must sit down, she takes the six A.M. sub to work and comes home on the nine P.M. These are the hours when the subway is least congested. She will probably feel ragged after such a long day and will reach home exhausted.

In an elevator the situation has a more romantic aspect. One might get crushed against some strong and handsome male. But no, thanks to the draft boards, there is only a weird assortment of what might pass for men. Most of the types we see are definitely 4-F. There are many hairless heads, which come right under our noses, as their owners are, as a rule, less than five feet tall. There is always some man with a brief case to jab into one's ribs. As the men plunge out of the elevator at their stop, elbows akimbo, the women steel themselves for the onslaught, lest they be trampled on. Because of prevailing conditions many women climb the stairs to the sixth and seventh floors.

In restaurants and at soda fountains square masculine shoulders appear side by side in military-like order. When an empty space occurs there is a mad dash for it and occasionally some rugged female gains admittance. This is rare, however. The females stand behind the males and sip their drinks standing. *C'est la guerre.*

The situation may not be as drastic as I have painted it here; but, nevertheless, courtesy towards women has declined. Women like the little attentions men used to give them. Women still like them but infrequently receive them. Benevolent societies have established "Be Kind to Animals Week," "Help Preserve Our Wild Life Week." Perhaps someone will establish a "Be Courteous Towards Women Week." Let us hope that this will happen soon or that men will wake up and realize that they are lacking in decent manners. May that day arrive soon because the female species may not be able to hold its patience much longer.

REFLECTIONS OF A SENIOR

FOUR years have passed since I first entered Abington High School, and I am now about to graduate. As I look back over my school days, I think of the important role these years have played in my life.

I entered high school as a young and very immature freshman, awed by the overbearing upperclassmen, and amazed at the vast amount of space within the walls of the school. Of the teachers I was wary, having heard various reports from former pupils of the strictness of their teachers. I heard also that it was impossible for anyone to learn French and Latin or to master the intricacies of high school mathematics. Therefore, I entered these sacred halls

of learning with a definite question in mind as to the evils that would befall me once I had entered the lions' den.

Now that I have faced successfully the trials of the past four years I believe that I have the poise and strength to meet the cruelties of the world without flinching. What, you may ask, accounts for this great change in attitude? From my high school training I have gained more than mere book learning. I have learned to think, to judge, and to act on my own resources. From this reliance upon myself I have gained self-assurance. I have learned to respect myself for the important decisions that I have at various times been able to make.

From the excellent example of my superiors, I have built a pattern of life that is fine and good. I have seen that sacrifice is sometimes rewarded only by knowing that one has helped another gain advantages that were not his. I have been encouraged to respect all human beings. I have been shown that honesty is the only path to freedom and success in life.

As a witness to high school athletics I have seen fine examples of sportsmanship and fair play. I have watched hard fighting boys strive to win and yet give up proudly the game that broke their hearts to lose. I, too, have had the priceless opportunity of entering sports and of feeling the exhilaration that comes from fighting hard and well along with others, as a team, with one goal in mind.

My high school career has offered me a great variety of outside interests including music, dramatics, and literary and scientific work—which have given me a wide range of experience. Through assemblies, I have heard the views of intelligent, successful men on world matters, and have listened to talks on their experiences and their creeds for success.

Through intimate contact with other people of my age I have come to understand better, similarities as well as the differences in people, and have learned to respect all people for the good that is in them. I have formed several close friendships that I shall cherish in future years.

Thus, from a gradual process of maturing in years and experience, strengthening of ideals, and acquiring knowledge, I have come to stand on my own feet as an equal of anyone, and have come to regard others as being equals of me. I now feel able to enter the paths of life with fortitude and an increased measure of confidence in myself and my abilities. The principles of honesty, uprightness, and integrity have been indelibly stamped upon my brain as the ideals of Abington High School students. It is now my

greater duty to enter the world, in order to exemplify to others all that I have so generously received.

Patricia Roberts, '44

ON BEING LEFT-HANDED

BEING left-handed, naturally, does not seem at all strange or awkward to the left-handed person. It is just instinctively natural to pick up a fork or a pen with the left hand and that's all there is to it.

On the other hand, there are some definite inconveniences that come with left-handedness. Let us take the case of Mr. South Pawe.

In the matter of eating, there first comes getting seated at the table. If Mr. South Pawe thinks ahead it is a very simple matter to remedy. This trouble lies in getting seated with a right-handed person at the left, so that it is impossible for either person to eat without bumping the elbow of the other. In a crowded booth both persons find that they can do nothing more than sit silent with their arms pinned to their sides. All this difficulty can be avoided if South Pawe will remember to get a head start by making a mad dash for a place so that he will sit on the left end of the table where his arm will have plenty of room to operate unhindered. Of course, round tables offer added difficulties, therefore he should avoid altogether such tables. Eating also has more difficulties. There is that of stirring the coffee or eating apple sauce from a side dish. Both of these dishes are usually placed at the right of the plate. So that in order to get them he has to reach over and thus make a very awkward motion, to say the least. In this procedure there are involved dangers of knocking over other dishes or dragging sleeves in gravy. This is all easily remedied by moving the hard-to-reach dish to the left side where he can dig in for all he is worth.

Next on the list of bothers for South Pawe comes the art of writing. In order to have penmanship with the correct slant he has to endure the messy business of letting his hand trail through the wet-ink words he has just written, causing the completed paper to be one line after another of smudges. This is also easily remedied. The writer merely has to slant his paper in the other direction and stand on his head while he writes. Usually this is found to be rather difficult, so a good many left-handed people write back-hand. Such writing is rarely legible, but the thought is behind it.

When the left-handed girl wishes to learn the gentle arts of knitting, crocheting, or embroidering, there arise troubles for both the teacher and

the pupil. The kind instructor patiently starts the lesson by attempting to do the work left-handed herself. In my case, my mother slaved on and on, showing me how to knit backwards. Finally, she handed me the needles and let me try it myself, and, much to her annoyance, I proceeded as if right-handed. I find now that I knit and crochet right-handed. In concluding, all I do left-handed is eat and write, the latter of which I shall cease doing now.

Patricia Keith, '44

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

(Continued from Page ...)

He then said to Bob, "Well?" He waited for Bob to answer. "Well, why don't you answer? Have you no excuse?"

Bob knew he must explain, but what could he say? He did not want to think of or tell what had happened before. Of Guadalcanal where his pal, Tom, was killed by the Japs—blown up before his eyes. Of the many months he had fought in the jungles and swamps, crawling in and out of fox-holes. How he had had to lie in a foxhole for twelve hours, playing dead because some Japs were nearby.

After being captured, he saw his buddies tortured and finally killed. The only reason why he had remained alive was because the enemy thought he would tell where the Americans were.

When he had refused, his leg had been broken and later they had stuck a bayonet into it. It was bandaged for him—"How kind of them," thought Bob.

The Americans bombed the village where he was kept prisoner. The guard had been killed and Bob crawled slowly toward the jungle's edge, while his captors sat in an air-raid shelter.

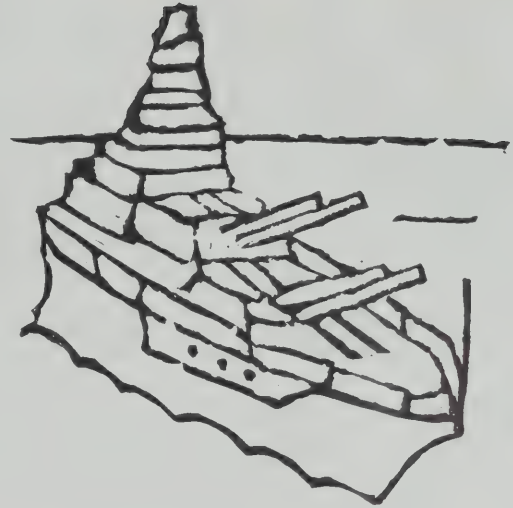
For days (it seemed) he had crawled as best he could through the jungle. Bob had not gone far when some American snipers spotted him and helped him to the American base, where he was put on a boat.

What had happened after that Bob did not remember, until he awoke in a hospital in San Francisco, minus his left leg.

Bob got up and told his story. He explained that he had an artificial leg to get around on and that he hoped to get a war job when his health would permit.

Both the orator and crowd apologized to Bob. Bob said, "The best thing you can do for me and others just like me, is to discourage all kinds of propaganda."

Marjorie Merrill, '45



A VISIT TO FORE RIVER

FORE RIVER is by far the most interesting place I have ever visited. As we passed through the yard, we were surrounded by huge dry docks on all sides and ships everywhere. It should be a real inspiration to any American to see the great work being done there.

It so happened that I visited Fore River at midnight during what is known as the "Graveyard Shift." To be strictly accurate, it is far from being a graveyard at any time of the day or night. Floodlights and sparks made by the welders light up the greater part of the yard. Men are busy hustling to and fro with metal beams and plates, or working the huge cranes which can lift several tons of metal by the mere pulling of a lever.

The highlight of our trip was our visit to the new aircraft carrier *Hancock*, which is scheduled to go into service shortly. At a glance one might mistake this mighty dreadnought for a huge warehouse, as it is painted gray and expertly camouflaged. Men are at work on all levels of the carrier and also on the flight deck, which is tremendous in size to provide ample space from which our bombers can take off. These new carriers are not like the old-fashioned kinds which were so vulnerable in an enemy aircraft attack. Huge turrets and scores of anti-aircraft guns are being stationed on all parts of the ship to make it impregnable.

It is difficult for one to realize the great amount of money, men, and material necessary to keep a shipyard the size of Fore River operating on war time basis; but if such expenditures of labor and materials are necessary to win this war, it is indeed a small price to pay in order to insure our liberty.

John Donnelly, '45

Senior Reminiscences

RECALL an episode that took place when I had, as yet, not discovered that high school teachers were not monsters. Mr. Frolio was teaching my General Science class from a reclining position in his chair. Suddenly he disappeared behind his desk. A few minutes later he came up smiling amid the laughter of his pupils. A few days later, he remarked on the loquaciousness of his students, as some friends of his had accused him of falling asleep on the job.—Jeanne Schofield.

The best part of school is walking along in the morning and seeing the sun rising with a beautiful fiery look, and hearing all the birds singing sweetly. Then you walk into school all set for a good hard day's work.—Bradley Barlow.

When Mr. Pine taught our "math" classes, he would become peeved and tell the class to watch out for his Irish temper. I remember Mr. Steinhart's breaking forth with a few witty jokes; and then being cross if we laughed too loudly.—Chester Bush.

I remember the inspiring words addressed to the student body by George Boothby; John Wood's definition of Newton's law of motion; "What goes up must come down"; our yearly excursion to Nantasket Beach, where the pupils who did not become sick from pop corn spent an enjoyable day; watching the "brave" seniors, when I was a "frosh," and never thinking the day would come when I'd reach the goal of senior. I remember Mr. Frolio's whole-hearted co-operation.—John Richard.

I remember my first day at A. H. S. when I walked in upon a senior class. I took my card to the teacher who told me that probably a mistake had been made. I left the room amid the whole-hearted laughing of the class.—Jeanne Moynihan.

My high school days have been very jolly. I know that in all my subjects I have never done my best, as one can see by my marks. Marks are not the whole show. Most of these people who haven't shown their ability yet will start showing it very soon when they are on their own. It was not until recently that I wished I were starting high school all over.—Roy Damon.

The class of 1944 was lost in the thought of their biology class with their instructor, Leonard Palopoli, when a sudden commotion arose, most of the noise being made by the girls. Upon the inquiry of our instructor it was disclosed that the girls had just realized the frog Freddy Crown-

field was dissecting was still alive.—Meredith Slinger.

I remember the Thanksgiving Day assembly during my freshman year when Miss Hill's English class produced dramatizations of "Hiawatha" and "The Courtship of Myles Standish." I was Hiawatha in his youth. I marched onto the stage with a huge bow across my back. John Evans, who portrayed the young Hiawatha, was roaming around the stage clad only in tights.—Raymond Richard.

I started my freshman year by playing football. I remember as if it were yesterday the grind I went through and saying to myself, "Have I got to go through this during all my four years?" As I look back upon it now I can laugh. To me it then seemed strange, but now I know that it wasn't bad at all.—Frank Mackiewicz.

One day there was an election for vice-president of the senior class, and there were three times as many ballots as there were people in the room. How angry Ray Richard became and how we laughed and "kidded" him!—Frank Merrill.

In science class our freshman year we were terribly amazed to note that Mr. Frolio actually put out fires with his hands! In various experiments he would light a piece of paper and when he was through he'd simply put his palm over it and smother the fire. To this day I have always believed that Mr. Frolio was in some way connected with Superman.—Betty Bauman.

When I first entered high school I thought I was so wonderful that I could run the school to suit my fancy. I first started to experiment with my theory in Mr. Walsh's Social Studies class by talking whenever I wanted. Mr. Walsh did not lose his patience; he simply told me that I bothered him and was therefore to "get out." I think that was one of the most embarrassing moments of my life. He had such a grand technique of letting me know I was not the big-shot I thought I was.—Ruth Poole.

Our Latin class which consisted of four pupils was instructed by Charles Gorman in the activity room. One day he missed the presence of Ruth Poole and was about to send her name to the office when she popped out from behind the piano. Was her face red?—Louise Sampson.

I remember the day that great scientist, Harry Kulberg, did the experiment with the supposedly empty paint can. The apparatus was all set up and Mr. Kulberg was surrounded by eager young

faces as we watched his experiment. As the zero hour approached, the room became tense. Exactly at the appointed time, Mr. Kulberg touched a match to the Bunsen burner. The results of this experiment may still be viewed on the laboratory ceiling.—Ruth Moriarty.

I had heard people say that crime does not pay. However, this did not enter my mind when planning one day to skip school. I started out in the morning and met one of the girls at the corner. We waited behind a building for two others to pick us up in a car. When they came we started for Quincy to avoid the people in our vicinity. On arriving in Quincy, we decided to eat, all of us not having eaten since breakfast. On returning to the car after we had eaten I saw a large ticket underneath the windshield wiper. Getting out to investigate, I discovered I had parked on a crosswalk. I was ordered to report at once to the police station which proved to me that the crime of skipping school does not pay.—Jean Hendrick.

One class I shall always remember in later years is the science class of my freshman year. On my first day in the science class I was rather shaky. Mr. Frolio was the teacher. I think that everyone in the freshman year who took science will always remember Mr. Frolio for the many laughs he gave us. One day he asked Billy Hickey to smell of some chemical and poured it on his shirt. Billy had perfume on his clothes for the rest of the day.—Mary Doherty.

I remember especially my days spent in the chemistry "lab." Our teacher was fondly referred to by many as "Grandfather." I remember the day one member of the class was nearly expelled from class for lighting a bottle of hydrogen. He did not know that there might easily have been a serious explosion. There were some also mad scientists in the class who always heated something just a little bit longer than necessary to see what would happen. Their chief delight was to have the females in the class wondering panic-stricken whether the whole edifice was going to be blown up.—Janet Perron.

Perhaps one of the greatest disasters in my high school life was the broken heart I suffered at the beginning of my freshman year. Nearly all girls have an idol when they are at the fourteen-year-old stage. Mine wasn't the president or some other world-wide notable but one of the senior boys on the football team. I nearly turned myself inside out trying to impress him but to no avail. The family noticed the great distress but kindly attributed it to adolescence.—Pat Hanson.

I remember the day that the pipes in the sprinkler system burst and water spread over the auditorium entrance.—Shirley Robinson.

I remember my first day at high school quite clearly, because I was the only boy in school who wore knickers. I also remember the day that I skipped school and got five hours detention for it, and the first day that I hitch-hiked a ride. That day I went to Boston. It took me an hour and a half to get in and four hours to get home again. I also remember my first smoke, because when I staggered into the house my mother thought I had been drinking and gave me an awful whipping.—John Shannon.

Everyone was listening attentively to the comments of Mr. Walsh during our Social Studies period. Suddenly there was a long sigh and all eyes turned in one direction. There, slumped in her chair, was Alma Lucas, her face a ghastly white. Before we realized what had happened, handsome Mr. Walsh was carrying little Alma out of the room to the corridor where she regained consciousness. "Oh, to be Alma!" all the girls sighed as they secretly wished they were subject to fainting.—Ellen Wales.

At a certain time during my freshman year a teacher was very much absorbed in trying to convey to the pupils just what he had in mind. Being so wrapped up in his thoughts he slowly walked backwards and sat down in his chair. Quite suddenly there was a crash. The room was in a roar of laughter. The teacher had tipped over backwards in the chair. The look of astonishment on the teacher's face was even more humorous than the fall itself.—Rita Lundin.

At a recent baseball game one of our teachers gave himself the hot-seat. Mr. Morey while coaching the team lighted a cigarette and nonchalantly tossed his match on the ground. A few minutes later the grass under the bench was blazing merrily. Someone shouted: "Hey, Mr. Morey, there's a fire underneath you." Mr. Morey was apparently already so hot with anger at the umpire's ignorance that he had not felt the added heat. He stepped on the flames and sat down. A moment later a piece of wood which was partially split from the bench began to smolder and smoke. Again Mr. Morey was warned. Other methods failing, he finally doused the fire with drinking water, took a dipperful, and drank it to cool himself off.—Fred Crownfield, Jr.

As I am about to graduate, I recall many things that have happened during my stay here. The enjoyment I have had during the past four years has meant a great deal to me. The teachers who have taught us through high school have been nice to us, and I am sure all the members of my class thank them for all their kindness and understanding.—Marguerite J. Pearson.



FACULTY

FRONT ROW, Left to Right—Mrs. Hilma Goodhue, Miss Bernice Hill, Miss Alice Gorman, Miss Geraldine Carsley, Mrs. Ruth Faunce, Miss Margaret Curtin, Miss Florence Goodspeed.
 SECOND ROW, Left to Right—Dr. Derwood Newman, Mr. James Morss, Miss Bessie Hart, Miss Annie Chadbourne, Mr. Charles Frolio, Mr. Robert Kelliher.
 BACK ROW, Left to Right—Mr. Richard Morey, Mr. Charles Walsh, Mr. Leonard Palopoli, Mr. Saul Verdun, Dr. Herman Steinhardt.



SENIOR CLASS



DRAMATIC CLUB

FRONT ROW, Left to Right—Carolyn Keith, Ruth Moriarty, Alma Lucas, Secretary, Betty Bauman, President, Patricia Roberts, Treasurer, Shirley Robinson.
 SECOND ROW, Left to Right—Jane Owen, Janet Bowmar, Ellen Wales, Janet Perron, Barbara Rounds, Jane Cronin, Mary Block.
 THIRD ROW, Left to Right—Jean Hendrick, Rita Lundin, Helen Holgerson, Leona Janoski, Carolyn Christianson, Patricia Hanson.
 LAST ROW—Miss Bessie B. Hart, Adviser, Helen Melville, Patricia Keith, Patricia Haskins.



JUNIOR CLASS



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

FRONT ROW, Left to Right—Shirley Frolio, Jane Owen, Secretary, Ellen Wales, President, Helen Buchawski, Treasurer, Patty Haskins.

SECOND ROW, Left to Right—Joan Raples, Nadine Howard, Elizabeth Bauman, Patricia Wood.
Absent—Doris Dean, Vice-President.



SOPHOMORE CLASS



STUDENT COUNCIL

FRONT ROW, Left to Right—Jane Owen, Patricia Peavy, Kathleen Cull, Secretary, Patricia Hanson, President, Charles Hanson, Treasurer, Helen Melville, Patricia Haskins.
SECOND ROW, Left to Right—Kenneth Bates, Raymond Richards, Eleanor Wyman, Nadine Howard, Nina Thomas, Marjorie Snyder, John Lynch, Dean Haskins.
BACK ROW—Richard Morey.

"Prof" R.C.

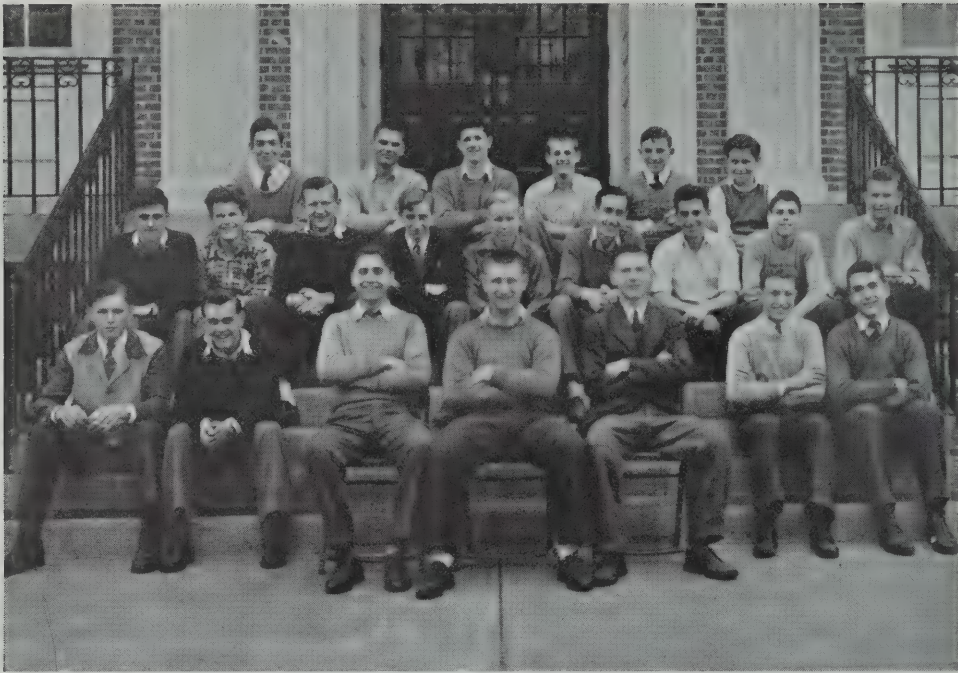


FRESHMAN CLASS

Shane Dean
Wat Clays
Allie Syggs
Murph
Brady
Walden
Cole
Doherty
Bent
Murray
Lutton
Moody
Mike
Wyman
Looper
Muciel
June
Ruth
Phyl P. Ada
Barbara
newell
Phyllis
Loretta
Gerry
Phyllis
Haskins
Pearl
Lucas
Nick
Betty
Dutchie
Georgie
Kalg

allie John
Cowell
Schneider
Mac
Jackie
Shahan
Tommy
Mac
Jim
Harry
Gad
Hague
Bill
Milly
Bob L.
Perry
"Genius"
Vic
Rogers
Kalg

Rosell
Helen
Faith
Phyl P. Ada
Barbara
newell
Phyllis
Loretta
Gerry
Phyllis
Haskins
Pearl
Lucas
Nick
Betty
Dutchie
Georgie
Kalg

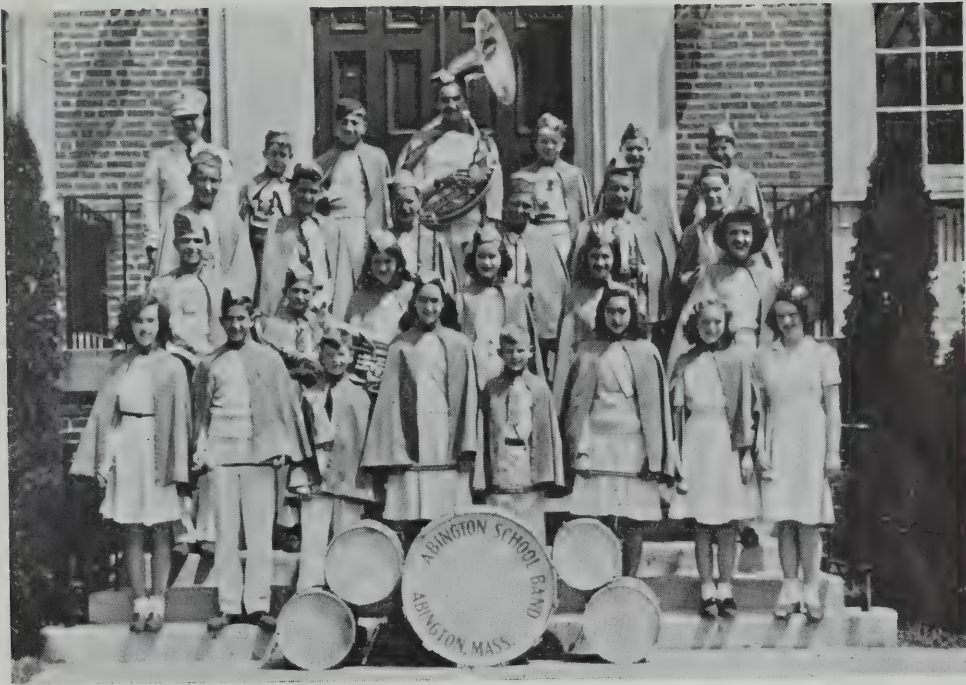


THE HI-Y

FRONT ROW, Left to Right—Kenneth Johnson, David Roan, John Richard, Vice-President, Frank Mackiewicz, President, Arthur Garey, Treasurer, Edwin Hood.
 SECOND ROW—Kenneth Bates, Chester Morss, Chester, Richard Paquette, Fredric Crownfield, Richard Wheatley, William Smith, Carl Lipsohn, Richard Morey.
 THIRD ROW—Frederick Wilson, George Cahill, William Lynch, Charles Hanson, Vincent Griffin, John Donnelly.
 Absentees—



EIGHTH GRADE



BAND



BASEBALL TEAM

SPORTS

ON March 3 the first Abington High School baseball practise was held with twenty-seven candidates reporting to Mr. Richard Morey. Of this number five were veterans: Hanson and Post, pitchers who took turns in the infield, Capt. Ray Richard, second base, and two outfielders, John Richard and Myles Angeley. After two weeks of afternoon practise the Abington team journeyed to Randolph and there defeated the Stetson High nine 22 to 0. Thayer, who was on the mound for the winners, held the losers hitless the entire game. Dave Roan proved to be the much-needed catcher and the other infield vacancies were filled by Bill Spratt at first base and Dick Lake at shortstop. Frank Mackey filled the right field vacancy.

Braintree 7—Abington 3

Braintree opened the Abington schedule by defeating the Moreymen 7 to 3 behind the pitching of Bob Lang, Wamp hurling ace. Lindy Hanson of the losers held the visitors at bay until the Braintree team annexed three runs in the sixth by an umpire's questionable decision. Hanson, with a homer and a single, and R. Richard with three hits, were Abington's hardest hitters.

Abington 18—East Bridgewater 1

The second scheduled game sent Abington to East Bridgewater where the Easters were swamped, 18 to 1. Abington amassed nineteen hits and pitchers Post and Hanson starred. John Richard gathered three hits in four trips, while Dave Roan banged out a single and two doubles.

Abington 10—Milton Academy 6

At Milton Academy on Saturday, May 6, the Abington team encountered a hard-fighting and unconquerable baseball team and there was pressure on both teams. Throughout the well-played contest Abington came home with a hard-earned 10-6 decision. Abington jumped to a quick two-run lead by virtue of Roan tripling with Lindy Hanson and Ray Richard aboard. After Milton countered once in the second inning, Abington added four more runs in the fourth frame by two hits, two walks, and an error. Although the losers scored in three more innings, Thayer salted the game away by banging out a double with the bases loaded.

Freshman Dick Lake gathered in three solid hits in four trips to lead both teams in batting.

Abington 16—East Bridgewater 1

Coach Joe Morey's erratic East Bridgewater High team was crushed a second time by the Green and White with the final score 16 to 1. The game was a replica of the first matching of the Morey nines with Abington always in the

driver's seat. The winners played without the services of Lindy Hanson and Dave Roan. In their absence Fred Wilson played first, with Bill Spratt doing the catching.

Because of the high scoring the game was called at the end of seven innings. Within that time the home team went to the plate 41 times and batted around the lineup in each of three innings.

Dick Lake hit safely three times, while Frank Mackey and John Richard each got two hits in three attempts.

Abington 7—Weymouth 1

The Abington team journeyed to Weymouth on May 10 to hold a non-scheduled contest with the Maroon baseball club. Dave Anderson, an eighth grader, did the hurling for the visitors and held the losers to five scattered hits. The Abington team led throughout the contest. After Hanson had singled in the first inning, successive bunts by John and Ray Richard loaded the bases. Dave Roan singled to runs across the plate. Weymouth came back with a counter and the score was 2 to 1 until the seventh and final inning. During this Abington half five more runs were added to the Abington score with the Green and White batting around the lineup to put the game on ice.

Abington 3—Whitman 4

The Abington baseball nine lost a heartbreaker at Whitman on May 12 by a 4 to 3 score behind the seven-hit pitching of Lindy Hanson. The losers gave Whitman one run in the second inning by virtue of a base on balls, a stolen base, plus a miscue in the infield. Whitman scored a second run in the next frame on two errors and a stolen base and led 2 to 0 until the fifth inning.

Starting the Abington fifth, Lake hit a fly to right field, but John and Ray Richard who came up with singles were followed by Roan who banged out a homer over the left fielder's head to put Abington ahead 3 to 2.

In the eighth inning MacKenzie walked for Whitman, stole second, and tied the score on a hit by Rosen. The game was forced into extra innings. Although Abington put two men on base in the tenth inning three strikeouts by pitcher Bob Staples of Whitman proved Abington's undoing.

The game was decided in the Whitman tenth. After Staples had grounded to Post, Bill Danforth of the home team took a 2 to 2 pitch from Hanson and pounded it out of the park for a four baser.

Dave Roan had a single and a homer to his credit; Spratt, Post, and Lake hit safely twice.

Abington 14—Rockland 6

On Tuesday, May 16, the Morey-coached baseball team traveled to Rockland and tipped Coach Joe Cogan's club 14 to 6. Although Rockland scored a run in the first inning, Abington came back with three tallies in the second by virtue of Joe Post's homer with two men on.

Thenceforth, Lindy Hanson, on the mound for Abington, met little real opposition. His mates presented him with four runs in the fourth, three more in the sixth, and a pair in the last two innings. The winners found pitchers Pete Miller and Dick Sears for twenty-one hits including Post's homer, a round tripper by Roan, and doubles by J. Richard and Hanson. Ray Richard, Roan, and Hanson each hit safely four times while eight of the Abington players featured in the scoring.

Hanson turned out a brilliant mound performance by allowing but four hits and striking out nine. A feature of the game was a Lake-to-Richard-to-Spratt double play in the eighth.

Up to press time the Abington High school baseball team has won four out of six scheduled games and has defeated Randolph and Weymouth in non-scheduled contests. The Abington team has, up to this time, outscored the opposition 93 runs to 26, outhit the opposition 110 hits to 41. Fred Wilson and Mackey have proved valuable in the outfield, and Cox and Slinger have played some in the right field; Dave Anderson, an eighth grader, has turned in a fine pitching performance. With these reserves the Abington team is well bolstered to meet their remaining five opponents. The schedule includes the following games: At Braintree, May 19; Rockland at Abington, May 23; at Stoughton, May 26; Stoughton at Abington, May 29; and Whitman here, June 2. Ray Richard, '44

POETRY

I AM AFRAID

"Be brave!" they say.
Night is drawing near.
Shadows are falling.
Stars glow in the sky.
All is calm
And beautiful.
I am afraid.

"Be brave!" they say:
"At dawn we meet the enemy."
"Be brave."
"Fear not their guns."
"Be brave. Be strong."
"Be not afraid."
"Think for what we are fighting."

I ask myself, What are we fighting for?
I do not know.
Should I ask them?
No.
They would not understand.

"Be brave!" they say.
Are they brave?
I wonder.
I am not brave.
I am afraid.
I do not want to die
And leave my friends —
My home.
I do not want to die.
Still they say, "Be brave!"
But I?
I am afraid.

Helen Melville, '44

THE CALL OF PEACE

The sky is blue with dancing clouds,
The dew has left the field;
The sun shines clear and manifests
The power that God doth yield.

Once more the trees and new mown hay
Give rise to deep emotion;
Once more the hills and wooded paths
Demand strength of devotion.

The sea is calm, the airways free;
The turbulent motors cease:
We now have found the answer
To the call of blessed peace.

Janet Bowmar, '44

NIGHT REVERIE

'Twas on a lovely night in June,
When 'neath the trees I took
My silent way along a path
Beside a gurgling brook.

An amber moon shone down on all,
Tipping the trees with gold;
A nightingale with plaintive call,
His sad, sweet story told.

The frogs held forth in concert gay,
And filled the breeze with song;
The brook for an instant seemed to pause,
Then rippling flowed along.

And all the mystic sounds of night
Were repeated o'er and o'er —
There we'll leave this peaceful scene
Till night returns once more.

Marylou Devlin, '48

Robertson's Market

Abington

Cities Service Station

A. I. Inkly

190 North Avenue

North Abington

C. H. RUSSELL

James C. Russell

MOVING and STORAGE

Bedford Street

North Abington

JOHN MATHESON

GENERAL SERVICE

Telephone ROCKLAND 1181-M

526 Washington Street

Abington

Abington Fruit Store

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT

Fresh Vegetables in Season

Hi-Test Texaco Gas

Washington Street

Abington

Littlefield - Wyman Nurseries

423 Adams Street

North Abington

M. F. THAYER

DRY GOODS

Telephone Rockland 846-M

Bank Building

Abington

The Best Buy in Paper Is
War Bonds and Stamps

W. H. GLAVIN

PAPER PRODUCTS

Franklin Building

7 Center Avenue

Abington

Mention the ABHIS when patronizing our Advertisers.

CARROLL CUT-RATE

PERFUMER



261 Union Street

Rockland

ROCKLAND FLOWER

SHOP

Telephone 750-W

304 Union Street

Rockland

H. DEAN SAMPSON

BUILDER



254 Washington Street

Abington

EMIL KELLSTRAND

SHOE SHINING AND REPAIRING

Opposite Library

367 Union Street

Rockland

SLATTERY INSURANCE AGENCY

"Personal Insurance Service"

Phone 846-W

8 Centre Avenue

Abington

ROCKLAND SHOE HOSPITAL

The Finest Shoe Repair on the
South Shore

FULL LINE OF MEN'S NEW SHOES
AND RUBBERS

341 Union Street

Rockland

JOHNSON PHARMACY

PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY



11 South Avenue

Whitman

HOUSE'S DEPARTMENT STORE

Teddy House, Prop.

295 Union Street

Rockland

Mention the ABHS when patronizing our Advertisers.

**North Abington
Public Market**

**MEATS GROCERIES VEGETABLES
FISH and FRUIT**

Tel. Rockland 1354 200 North Avenue
North Abington

BUSH'S MARKET

F. Zakrzewski, Prop.

**MEATS
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS**

Telephone Rockland 1363

North Avenue

North Abington

DOUBLE KAY

With "Freshness Toasted In"

NUTS

Bemis Drug Company

"The Six Busy Rexall Stores"

Abington — North Abington — Rockland

"In Plymouth It's Cooper's"

George D. Wheatley

AGENT

Successor to Abington Office
Howland, Nash and Cole, Inc.

**ANY FORM OF INSURANCE IN
THE STRONGEST COMPANIES**

Telephone Rockland 1224

550 Washington Street

Abington

**SULLIVAN
FUNERAL HOME**

Telephone Rockland 920

41 - 45 East Water Street

Rockland

John W. Coleman

GAS - OILS - LUBRICATION

250 Brockton Avenue

Abington

Mention the ABHIS when patronizing our Advertisers.

Rose' Lou

Distinctive Fashions

GRADUATION DRESSES
CLASS DAY DRESSES

Evening Gowns — Wraps
Silk Underwear and Hosiery

Ask About Our Dress Club
Dress Free for Running Club

303 Union Street

Rockland

WASHBURN'S BAKERY, Inc.



Brockton 5401

507 Pleasant Street

Brockton

G U L F SERVICE STATION

Joseph Behrle, Mgr.



Bedford and Wales Streets

North Abington

McCANN'S ICE CREAM STORE

James T. Jillson
Prop.



345 Union Street

Rockland, Mass.

Mention the ABHIS when patronizing our Advertisers.

**LUMBER - COAL - FUEL OILS
BUILDING MATERIALS**

Hardware — Paints
Genuine Franklin Coal
White Ash Lehigh
Glenburn Ambricoal
New England Coke

**Reed Lumber & Coal Co.
Incorporated**

Telephone Rockland 236

North Avenue

North Abington

**CAREY'S MOTOR
TRANS. CO.**

**FURNITURE and PIANO MOVING
RANGE and FUEL OILS**

Telephone Whitman 530

305 TEMPLE STREET

WHITMAN

Jonah Fieldman, M.D.

Abington

14 Vernon Street

Telephone 77

William A. Loud, D.M.D.

North Abington

North Avenue

Telephone 430

Warren A. Johnson, M.D.

North Abington

Adams Street

Telephone 800

John W. Chessman, D.M.D.

Abington

693 Washington Street

Telephone 815

CAPEWAY SERVICE STATION

SHELL PRODUCTS
TIRES — BATTERIES

Telephone 1594

Bedford and Randolph Streets

North Abington, Mass.

Mention the ABHS when patronizing our Advertisers.

Hohman's Flowers



Flowers For All Occasions

Distinctive Graduation Corsages



Telephone 350

277 Washington Street

Abington

LAWRENCE GRIFFIN

MILK and CREAM



326 Plymouth Street

Abington

EDWARD J. ROURKE

COAL

Anthracite — Bituminous

"Quality and Service"

FUEL and RANGE OIL

Yard and Office: 118 Monroe Street

Phone Rockland 1110

Dwight A. Ware

MILK and CREAM



403 Linwood Street

Abington

Bay State Ice Cream Co.

Telephone 915

121 Randolph Street

North Abington

Buy U. S.

War Bonds and Stamps

BUDGET CHECKING DEPARTMENT

A Plan Providing Dignified and Simplified Checking Service for the Personal Use of Individuals at Moderate Cost With No Minimum Balance Requirements.

The Abington National Bank

Abington

Member Federal Reserve System

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Company

Mention the ABHS when patronizing our Advertisers.

NEW Electric Appliances are not yet in sight. Your old ones will have to do for some time. Take good care of them and they will keep on working for you.

Brockton Edison Co.

**SALLY'S
BEAUTY SHOPPE**



Telephone 1193

218 North Avenue

North Abnigton

Bowmar Motor Sales
INCORPORATED

Telephone Hingham 1500

Hingham

Massachusetts

Mention the ABHS when patronizing our Advertisers.

**ALLISON
BEAUTY SHOP**



ROCKLAND

333 Union Street

Telephone 210

FERBER'S

Where You Get Courteous Service
and All Kinds of

WEARING APPAREL

Union Street

Rockland

The WILLIAMS SCHOOL

A Business School for the Particular



41 Arlington Street

Brockton

MARTIN'S BAKERY

CAKES MADE TO ORDER



205 North Avenue

North Abington

SALLY DRESS SHOP



Whitman

BURRELL and

DELORY

SHOE STORE



317 Union Street

Rockland

Mention the ABHS when patronizing our Advertisers.

G. D. LEAVITT
OPTOMETRIST

G. D. LEAVITT, JR.
OPTOMETRIST

Telephone Whitman 225

12 South Avenue

Whitman

JOE'S BARBER SHOP

Clean and Quick Service



Washington Street

Abington

STEWART'S Inc.

=====

DRESSES

HOSIERY

UNDERWEAR

CORSETS

SPORTSWEAR

CHILDREN'S WEAR

DRAPERY and DOMESTICS

=====

245 - 247 Union Street

Rockland

GRADUATION GIFTS

from

GURNEY'S



See Our Large Selection of
Articles Suitable for
This Occasion.



GURNEY BROS CO.

Established 1841

122 Main Street

Brockton

doris ann beauty shop

7 centre avenue

abington, massachusetts

doris sandstrom, mgr.
hairdresser

telephone
rockland 57

THE SPINNING WHEEL

"DRIVE-IN" DEPARTMENT STORE

DRESSES

SPORTSWEAR

YARD GOODS

556 Bedford Street

Whitman

Mention the ABHIS when patronizing our Advertisers.

The
ABINGTON TEXTILE MACHINERY
WORKS

CENTRE AVENUE, ABINGTON

CONGRATULATIONS to the CLASS of '44

f r o m

THE ENTIRE PERSONNEL STAFF



REMICK'S

QUINCY

Mention the ABHS when patronizing our Advertisers.

BEST WISHES FOR THE BEST IN LIFE

to the

CLASS OF 1944



The Kay Jewelry Company

198 Main Street

Brockton



SMART APPAREL FOR WOMEN AND MISSES

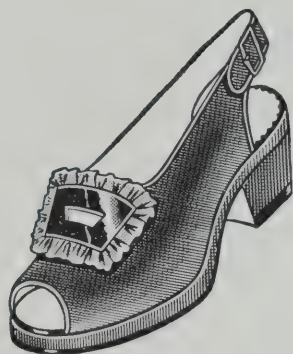


TO THE GRADUATES OF THE CLASS OF 1944
WE OFFER OUR SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS
AND BEST WISHES

Mention the ABHS when patronizing our Advertisers.

Success!!!

We wish the Graduates of the Class of 1944 every success in their chosen walks in life.



L ELYVELD'S
AST
ONGER

MORSE'S

LADIES' AND MISSES' APPAREL
AND FURNISHINGS



Telephone Rockland 555-J

319 Union Street

Rockland

The Warren Kay Vantine Studio

INCORPORATED

SCHOOL and COLLEGE
PHOTOGRAPHERS

160 Boylston Street

Boston, Mass.

Mention the ABHS when patronizing our Advertisers.

ROY R. DAMON

New — PONTIAC — Used
CARS



Telephone Rockland 682

288 North Avenue

North Abington

TAMKUN'S MARKET

GROCERIES, MEATS

Telephone Rockland 1398

North Abington

Erickson's News Store

Greeting Cards For All Occasions

School Supplies



Washington Street

Abington

Orvitt-Hart Men's Shop



Featuring:

Manhattan Shirts

Interwoven Hose

Cooper's Jockey Shorts

Stetson Hats



251 Union Street

Rockland

SHEEHAN'S NEWS

Plymouth Rock Sealtest

ICE CREAM

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, CANDY



194 North Avenue

North Abington

Mention the ABHS when patronizing our Advertisers.

CALL'S

CUT RATE COSMETICS

Visit Our Soda Fountain
and Luncheonette



Washington Street Corner of South Avenue

WHITMAN

GLENWOOD RANGES

ROME BROTHERS

Telephone Rockland 70

FLORENCE OIL STOVES



Conrad Shoe Company

North Abington, Massachusetts



Mention the ABHIS when patronizing our Advertisers.

PLYMOUTH ROCK ICE CREAM

"It's Good for the Children"

Manufactured under the Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection

Served exclusively in our cafeteria

BEST WISHES to the CLASS OF '44



68 Main Street

Brockton, Mass.

Washington Street
Market

Rockland 271

Washington Street

Abington

Jennie R. Smith

SPECIALTY STORE

Agent for the Dun-Rite Cleansers

Martin's Bakery Block

North Avenue

North Abington

Sanderson Brothers

*Designers and Producers of
Fine Printing*

NORTH ABINGTON, MASS.

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Mention the ABHS when patronizing our Advertisers.

RICE FUNERAL HOME

ROCKLAND



Telephone 55

15 Webster Street

NOW — AS NEVER BEFORE — SAVE

**Accumulate your College Tuition and Expenses
in a Savings Bank Account**

PURPOSE CLUBS

CHRISTMAS CLUBS

Buy Now — For Victory

U. S. WAR BONDS

U. S. WAR STAMPS

U. S. War Bonds Held for Safekeeping

ABINGTON SAVINGS BANK

We shall be pleased to have you inspect our reference maps and globe at any time.

NOYES — photographer

Brockton, Mass.



172 Main Street

Telephone 227

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON 15, MASSACHUSETTS

Offers day and evening college courses for men and women.

LIBERAL ARTS

ENGINEERING

BUSINESS

LAW

Pre-Medical, Pre-Dental and Pre-Legal Programs

**Cooperative and Full-time Plans Available. Appropriate degrees conferred.
Earn While You Learn.**

FOR CATALOG — MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

Director of Admissions

Boston 15, Massachusetts

Please send me a catalog of the

- ☐ College of Liberal Arts
- ☐ College of Engineering
- ☐ College of Business Administration
- ☐ School of Law
- ☐ Evening School of Business

- ☐ Evening—College of Liberal Arts
- ☐ Day Pre-Medical Program
- ☐ Day Pre-Dental Program
- ☐ Day and Evening Pre-Legal Programs

Name

Address
(Street) (City or Town) (P. O. Number) (State)

C-58